runkards Dyall: or,

ood Sir, Your Nose is durty.

Being a merry Iest most finely conuaide,
Betweene an old Lad, and a witty yong Maide.

To the tune of Riding to Rumford.





There was a lusty Lad
in London dwelling,
That would a wooing goe,
where drinke was selling:
Where a Lasse lustily,
kept this lad company.
Till the Pots quality,
made his nose durty.

Tolling vp Cup and Canne.
one after other,
He could no longer then,
his fancy smoother.
But gaue vnto his Lasse
a draught that welcome was,
How comes it (Sir) to passe,
your nose is durty.

Quoth he, in courtesie
I must be doing,
Giue vs another Potte,
of the last Brewing.
Here my loue, heres to thee,
soft a while, sir quoth she,
For me thinks now I see,
your nose is durty.

With that this lusty Lad,
brauely gan swagger,
Vowing to lay to pawne,
his Dudgin dagger,
Fill vs full halfe a score
of Cannes, or somewhat more,
Youle not away before
your nose is durty.

Thus the Wench flouted him
as he was drinking,
Which he for fauours tooke,
to his owne thinking.
Thus away Ale and Beare,
went by this couple here,
And she said still, my deare,
your nose is durty.

Hauing now drunke his fill,
out he went reeling,
With a wilde running braine
voide of all feeling,
With his beloued sweet
by his side in the street,
Where all that did them meet,
saw his nose durty.

Being thus led along
all did deride him,
Till one among the rest,
soundly did chide him,
And bad him home to wend
and not his time to spend
For now I see, my friend
your nose is durty.

How comes it now to passe,
you are so mazed,
A pot of Ale quoth he
hath my braines fired.
Then said the other now
I see below your brow,
Although you know not how,
your nose is durty.

FINIS.

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FINIS.





Then the Laſſe led him home
to her owne dwelling,
Where as behapt a Jeſt
well worth the telling,
There with his durty noſe
much he did wrong his cloſe,
And one might then ſuppoſe
his noſe was durty.

She brought him ſtrong waters then,
fit for his drinking,
With ſome Tobacco, which
made him ſo ſtinking.
That none durſt come him nie,
if you aske reaſon why,
You know as well as I,
his noſe was durty.

Falling then to the ground,
came his beloued,
Where a plaine dealing friend
the her ſelfe proued.
Seeing him in that place
in a moſt drunken caſe,
Staring him in the face,
ſaw his noſe durty.

And for acquaintance ſake
tooke him vp friendly,
Bearing him to a bed,
neate, fine, and cleanly,
And laid him downe to ſleepe,
who could not goe nor creepe
For he had drunke ſo deepe,
his noſe was durty.

Next day when he aroſe
he looke about him,
Perceiuing how his Laſſe,
finely did flout him,
He askt the reaſon why
ſhe told him preſently,
Then he found by and by,
his noſe was durty.

Being ſorry for his fault,
thus he proteſted,
That his braines neuer more
ſhould be moleſted,
Thanking his louing friend,
that ſhe did ſuccour lend,
And ſaid he would amend,
his noſe from durting.

Parting thus ſoberly
went he on trudging,
But miſt his purſe, when he
came to his lodging.
(Quoth he) to deare a ſhot
haue I paid for my lot,
Say my friends, haue I not,
with a noſe durty.

All men that loue good Ale,
and other Liquer,
Nothing in nimble braines
can be more quicker:
It will ſteale cunningly
in your pates by and by,
And will make ſhamefully,
all your noſe durty.

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